

Quaint

Fuller
Hall
Selden
Herbert
Walton

BITS OF ORE FROM RICH MINES

Quaint Nuggets



FULLER HALL SELDEN
HERBERT WALTON

Gathered by EVELINE WARNER BRAINERD



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“ And like as changeable taffeta, having the woof and warp of different colours, seemeth sundry stuffs to several standers by ; so will this book appear, with wrinkles and grey-headed to the lovers of antiquity, smooth and with down to such to whom novelty is most delightful.”

—THOS. FULLER.

INTRODUCTION.

OUT of a great enjoyment of the witty descriptions and curious similes of Thomas Fuller has grown this little volume of homage to five old English writers of marked individuality. Now that the gleanings are made, the pages from which they come are grown so familiar, it seems that all must know them, and extracts be an impertinence.

A manifestation of that mysterious law, the survival of the fittest, ordains that the best of writing shall never die. The student, beneath the mass of local and timely matter, finds and loves in every age that which is of universal interest. But to most the dust-covered paling hides the bits of ancient gardening, and we pace our new lawns, where beauty and novelty so intertwine that they are scarcely to be distinguished, unwitting that beside us are quiet spots, long planted, where the ancestors of our treas-

ured shrubs and trees first grew, wild shoots or tender seedlings, petted to their maturity by succeeding gardeners.

The writers of the group here gathered lived in that heavy century in England, between 1580 and 1680. All, save George Herbert, who for his goodness was spared the sight of the miseries to come (suggests a biographer,) saw the disestablishment of the Church, the execution of the King, and the rise of the Commonwealth. No restless breeze, forerunner of the whirlwind of twenty years later, entered the study of Bemerton. There young Herbert—of noble birth, a favorite at court, a gentle and serious-minded scholar, who at the age of thirty-two took up the study of divinity—found a retreat of quietude. There he, who during his worldlier days had longed to “reprove the vanity of those many love poems that are daily writ and consecrated to Venus” and had bewailed “that so few were writ that look toward God and Heaven”—fashioned the delicate lyrics which, despite their fancifulness, hold still their rank among the devotional

poems of the language. There is a pleasant antiquarian flavor in his collection of popular sayings, gathered doubtless in the priest's visits among his poor parishoners. Only high content sounds in his "Priest to the Temple," and even in the letters to his kindred there is no sign of the unsettledness that was shortly to enter every hamlet. Had he lived, Herbert might have left the kindly life of his village to work for the Church in less gentle manner and follow the King to the death, for the blood of the courtier flowed in the veins of the quiet parson.

But Izaak Walton, giving up his London shop at the outbreak of the civil war, idealized his favorites among the statesmen and clergy as he angled and, from his seat at a stream's side, watched the conflict apparently with no thought of any active share in the history then making. He chanced upon fame more unconsciously even than did Herbert, who directed his friend Mr. Ferrars to let "The Temple" be made public, "if he can think it may turn to the ad-

vantage of any dejected poor soul ; if not, let him burn it."

The pages of the Preacher and of the Fisherman are like the fair warm morning of the earliest spring that holds no presage of the cold rains of May ; while in the sarcasm of Mr. John Selden, in the arguments of Bishop Joseph Hall, in Dr. Thomas Fuller's delineations of times and men and measures, the mark of the era is plain. Selden's greatness lay in his learning, his moderation, his wisdom, not in his literary style. The conversation of this learned lawyer and statesman was pithier than his writing, and in the "Table Talk," carefully noted down by his friend, Mr. Milward, one finds the shrewd views of the man of affairs in quite another dress from that displayed in the legal, historical and archeological treatises that make Selden a name still honoured by the scholar. Selden's touch of satire when dealing with the clergy, the outgrowth of the treatment accorded to his "History of Tithes," is noticeable, but with it goes a catholicity of judgement, which led him, a

leader among the Parliamentarians and an intimate of Milton, to refuse Cromwell's request that he reply to the *Eikon Basilike*.

Of the group, Bishop Joseph Hall, first of Exeter, then of Norwich, comes the nearest to a partisan, writing fiercely against the Romanists on the one hand, the Dissenters on the other. Three times, however, was he summoned to answer on his knees to the King for alleged Puritanical practices in his diocese, so plain and so simple was his method of conducting the service of the Church of England. Later he proved his loyalty to the Establishment, by suffering imprisonment and sequestration at the hands of the Parliamentarians. He returned to the life of the devoted country clergyman, and passed his last days in poverty, mourning, like many another scholar of those days, the loss of his precious books. Save in polemics, where he is heated, his style is uniformly scholarly and thoughtful, with a quaintness due rather to the change of language than to any bent of the writer's mind.

In keen characterization, terse phrase, odd

and apt figure, Thomas Fuller is easily leader among his contemporaries. He has the cutting ridicule of Selden, the reflective power of Hall, and almost the kindliness of Walton and the piety of Herbert, though in the writings of these latter the sense of purity and youth is inimitable. Aside from the labor on sermons and lectures that made him noted in a body of able ministers, Fuller was an untiring student and writer. His addresses in the years preceding the civil war were conservative but fearless. Especially irritating to the radicals was that from the text, "Yea, let him take all, for as much as my lord the King is come again in peace unto his own house," spoken in London on the king's accession to the demand for the abolition of the episcopate; and that entitled "Reformation," delivered just before the imposition of the "Solemn League and Covenant." Moderation was not popular in those days, and the speaker paid for his broad views as dearly as he would for the most prelatial opinions, suffering the destruction of his library, the loss of his parish,

and the order forbidding the "exercise of my public preaching." During the war he was a faithful chaplain in the royalist army, while gleaning here and there the materials for his "Worthies of England."

Fuller has the charm of naïveté found somewhat in Herbert, more in Walton, not at all in Selden and Hall. He gives himself to the reader with a delightful simplicity, explaining carefully the incident that led to incompleteness of research here; why that date is missing; his personal view of this public man; his opinion of that fellow historian. His originality seldom flags, and it is little matter what his topic, for his swift imagination brings new and unexpected treatment to every theme. It was this variety of his resources that excited in Coleridge "the sense and emulation of the marvellous," leading that critic to place him "next to Shakespeare" in those regards.

The far off world of England in the first half of the seventeenth century grows near and real as one studies its known names. It was but a small stage for its great deeds.

Walton and Herbert had common friends, as had Walton and Selden. Hall speaks of himself as the devoted friend and fellow laborer of Fuller, while the author of the "Church History" writes proudly, "The learned Mr. Selden (on his own desire) honoured my first four centuries with reading and returned them unto me some weeks after without any considerable alterations."

Robbed of the old *time wording, few of these sayings would seem antiquated. Morality has broadened, but human nature showed to the clear-eyed of the one age much as it does to the observer of the other. Political economy, psychology and the natural sciences as we know them are beyond the scope of these thinkers ; but the broad field of general thought is theirs, and even in that newest, hardly fledged science, Sociology, Fuller's note of the cheese-making of Somersetshire proves us less novel than we deem ourselves.

EVELINE WARNER BRAINERD.
New York, May 10, 1900.

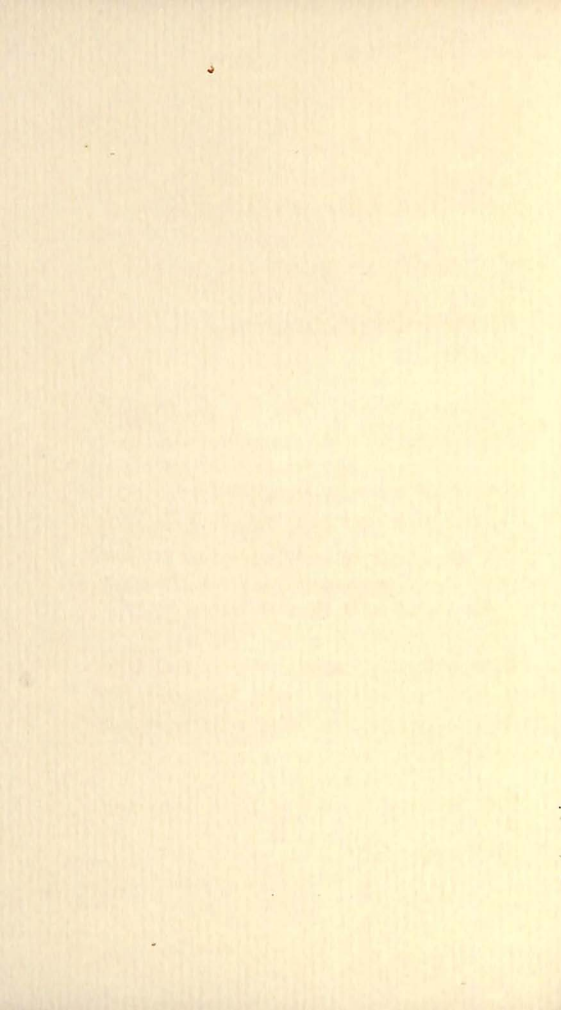
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THOMAS FULLER.

“ Fuller was incomparably the most sensible, the least prejudiced great man of an age that boasted a galaxy of great men. In all his numerous volumes on many subjects, it is scarcely too much to say, that you will hardly find a page in which some one sentence out of three does not deserve to be quoted for itself as a motto or maxim. . . . Fuller, whose wit (alike in quantity, quality, and perpetuity surpassing that of the wittiest in a witty age) robbed him of the praise not less due to him for an equal superiority in sound, shrewd, good-sense, and freedom of intellect.”

—S. T. COLERIDGE.



THOMAS FULLER.

From " HOLY AND PROPHANE STATES." *

TRUTH needs not, falsehood deserves not,
a supporter.

Surely men, contrary to iron, are worst to
be wrought upon when they are hot.

Well may masters consider how easy a
transposition it had been for God to have
made him to mount into the saddle that
holds the stirrup ; and him to sit down at
the table who stands by with a trencher.

Haste and rashness are storms and tem-
pests, breaking and wrecking business ; but
nimbleness is a fair, full wind, blowing it with
speed to the haven.

Many favours which God giveth us ravel

* 1642. Essays and Characters.

out for want of hemming, through our own unthankfulness: for though prayer purchaseth blessings, giving praise doth keep the quiet possession of them.

I must confess the most ancient nobility is junior to no nobility, when all men were equal.

I can do her memory no better right than to confess she was wrong in some things.

Who hath sailed about the world of his own heart, sounded each creek, surveyed each corner, but that still there remains therein much *terra incognita* to himself?

Physicians, like beer, are best when they are old; and lawyers, like bread, when they are young and new.

Grant them [the moderns] but dwarfs, yet stand they on giants' shoulders, and may see the further.

It does not follow that the archer aimed, because the arrow hit.

Some count all others but dry scholars, whose learning runneth in a different channel from their own.

The good yeoman is a gentleman in ore, whom the next age may see refined, and is the wax capable of a gentle impression, when the prince shall stamp it.

An invention, though found, is lost if not imparted.

Nor doth it follow that he hath the best in right who hath the best in fight; for he that reads the lawfulness of actions by their events, holds the wrong end of the book upwards.

Tell me, ye naturalists, who sounded the first march and retreat to the tide,—*Hither shalt thou come, and no further?* Why doth not the water recover his right over the earth, being higher in nature? Whence came the salt, and who first boiled it, which made so much brine? When the winds are

not only wild in a storm, but even stark mad in a hurricane, who is it that restores them again to their wits, and brings them asleep in a calm? Who made the mighty whales, who swim in a sea of water, and have a sea of oil swimming in them? Who first taught the water to imitate the creatures on land, so that the sea is the stable of horse-fishes, the stall of kine-fishes, the sty of hog-fishes, the kennel of dog-fishes, and in all things the sea the ape of the land? Whence grows the ambergris in the sea, which is not so hard to find where it is as to know what it is? Was not God the first ship-wright, and all vessels on the water descended from the loins, or ribs rather, of Noah's ark? Or else who durst be so bold, with a few crooked boards nailed together, a stick standing upright, and a rag tied to it, to adventure into the ocean? What loadstone first touched the loadstone; or how first fell it in love with the north, rather affecting that cold climate, than the pleasant east, or fruitful south or west? How comes that stone to know more than men, and find the way

to the land in a mist? In most of these men take sanctuary at *occulta qualitas*, and complain that the room is dark when their eyes are blind. Indeed they are God's wonders, and that seaman the greatest wonder of all for his blockishness, who, seeing them daily, neither takes notice of them, admires at them, nor is thankful for them.

Public office is a guest which receives the best usage from them who never invited it.

The house of correction is the fittest hospital for those cripples whose legs are lame through their own laziness.

Mock not a cobbler for his black thumbs.

If thou wilt see much in a little, travel in the Low Countries. Holland is all Europe in an Amsterdam print, for Minerva, Mars, and Mercury, learning, war, and traffic.

Whilst the understanding and the will are kept as it were in *libera custodia* to

their objects of *verum et bonum* the Fancy is free from all engagements : it digs without spade, sails without ship, flies without wings, builds without charges, fights without bloodshed, in a moment striding from the center to the circumference of the world, by a kind of omnipotency creating and annihilating things in an instant, and things divorced in nature are married in fancy as in a lawful place. It is also most restless : whilst the senses are bound, and reason in a manner asleep, fancy, like a sentinel, walks the round, ever working, never wearied.

That may be a syllogism in grace, which appears a solecism in manners.

It matters not though we go back from our word, so we go forward in the truth and a sound judgement.

Rhetoric, which gives a speech color, as logic doth power, and both together beauty.

Nor is he a stranger to poetry, which is

music in words ; nor to music, which is poetry in sound ; both excellent sauce, but they have lived and died poor that made them their meat.

As the sword of the best tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behaviour to their inferiors.

The virtuous lady is contented with that beauty which God hath given her. If very handsome, no whit the more proud, but far the more thankful: if unhand-some, she labors to better it in the virtues of her mind ; that what is but plain cloth without may be rich plush within.

From "THE HOLY WAR."*

Friends unjustly gotten are seldom comfortably enjoyed.

All wished that the tree might be felled, who had hopes to gather chips by his fall.

* 1639. The Crusades.

A resolution is a free custody ; but a vow is a kind of prison, which restrained nature hath the more desire to break.

Some have sluices in their consciences, and can keep them open or shut them, as occasion requireth.

Slander (quicker than martial law) arraigneth, condemneth, and executeth all at an instant.

The saddle oftentimes is not set on the right horse, because his back is too high to be reached ; and we see commonly that the instruments are made screens to save the face of the principal from scorching.

Those who live too near the stories they write, oftentimes willingly mistake through partiality ; and those who live too far off, are mistaken by uncertainties, the footsteps of truth being almost worn out with time.

Charity's eyes must be open as well as her

hands ; though she giveth away her branches,
not to part with the root.

That fruit which to man's apprehension is
blown down green and untimely, is gathered
full ripe in God's providence.

He hath a barren brain, who cannot fit
himself with an occasion if he hath a desire
to fall out.

Rising men shall still meet with more
stairs to raise them ; as those of falling, with
stumbling blocks to ruin them.

Slender and lean slanders quickly consume
themselves ; but he that is branded with a
heinous crime (though false), when the
wound is cured, his credit will be killed with
the scar.

Religion dyed in fear never long keepeth
color.

To measure a man's worth, by his success,
is a square often false, always uncertain.

Saladin.—Soon after, Saladin, the terror of the East, ended his life, having reigned sixteen years. Consider him as a man, or a prince, he was both ways admirable. Many historians (like some painters, which rather show their skill in drawing a curious face, than in making it like to him whom it should resemble), describe princes rather what they should be, than what they were; not showing so much their goodness as their own wits. But finding this Saladin so generally commended of all writers, we have no cause to distrust this his true character.

His wisdom was great, in that he was able to advise, and greater, in that he was willing to be advised; never so wedded to his own resolves, but on good ground he would be divorced from them. His valour was not over-free, but would well answer the spur when need required. In his victories he was much beholden to the advantage of season, place, and number; and seldom wrested the garland of honour from an arm as strong as his own. He ever

marched in person into the field, remembering that his predecessors, the caliphs of Egypt, brake themselves by using factors, and employing of souldans. His temperance was great, diet sparing, sleep moderate, not to pamper nature, but to keep it in repair. His greatest recreation was variety and exchange of work. Pleasures he rather sipped than drank off, sometimes, more to content others than to please himself. . . .

His justice to his own people was remarkable, his promise with his enemies generally well kept. Much he did triumph in mercy; fierce in fighting, mild in conquering; and having his enemies in his hand, pleased himself more in the power than act of revenge. His liberality would have drained his treasure, had it not had a great and quick spring, those eastern parts being very rich. Serviceable men he would purchase on any rate; and sometimes his gifts bore better proportion to his own greatness than the receiver's deserts. Vast bribes he would give to have places betrayed unto him, and often effected that with his gold, which he

could not do with his steel. Zealous he was in his own religion, yet not violent against Christians *qua* Christians. Scholarship cannot be expected in him who was a Turk by his birth (amongst whom it is a sin to be learned) and a soldier by breeding. His humility was admirable; as being neither ignorant of his greatness nor over-knowing it.

Some entitle him [Saladin] as descended from the royal Turkish blood; which flattering, heralds, he will little thank for their pains; counting it most honour, that he being of mean parentage, was the first founder of his own nobility. His stature (for one of that nation) was tall. His person rather cut out to strike fear than win love; yet could he put on amiableness when occasion required, and make it beseem him. To conclude: I will not be so bold, to do with him as an Eastern bishop doth with Plato and Plutarch, who he commendeth in a Greek hymn to Christ, as those that came nearest to holiness of all untaught Gentiles. But I will take my farewell

of Saladin with that commendation I find of him:—He wanted nothing to his eternal happiness, but the knowledge of Christ.

Too late repentance, because it soweth not in season, reapeth nothing but unavoidable misery.

If that religion were surely the best which is of the greatest latitude and extent, surveyors of land were fitter than divines to judge of the best religion.

A cheap olive-branch is better than dear bays.

Thus after a hundred and ninety and four years ended the Holy War; for continuance the longest, for money spent the costliest, for bloodshed the cruelest, for pretences the most pious, for the true intent the most politic, the world ever saw.

Now know, next religion, there is nothing accomplisheth a man more than learning,

. . . . and if you fear to hurt your tender hands with thorny school-questions, there is no danger in meddling with history, which is a velvet study, and recreation work. What a pity is it to see a proper gentleman to have such a crick in his neck that he cannot look backward ! Yet no better is he who cannot see behind him the actions which long since were performed. History maketh a young man to be old, without either wrinkles or grey hairs ; privileging him with the experience of age, without either the infirmities or inconveniences thereof. Yea, it not only maketh things past, present ; but enableth one to make a rational conjecture of things to come, for this world affordeth no new accidents, but in the same sense wherein we call it a new moon, which is the old one in another shape, and yet no other than what hath been formerly. Old actions return again, furbished over with some new and different circumstances.

The Albigenes.—About the year 1160, Peter Waldo, a merchant of Lyons, rich in

substance and learning (for a layman), was walking and talking with his friends when one of them suddenly fell down dead. Which lively spectacle of man's mortality so impressed the soul of Waldo, that instantly he resolved on a strict reformation of his life, which to his power he performed; translating some books of the Bible; instructing such as resorted to him in godliness of life; teaching withal that Purgatory, masses, dedication of temples, worshipping of saints, prayers for the dead, were inventions of the devil, and snares of avarice; . . . he sharply lanced the vicious ulcers of clergymen's lives, reproving their pride and luxury. Soon got he many followers, both because novelty is a forcible loadstone, and because he plentifully relieved his poor disciples; and those that use that trade shall never want custom. The archbishop of Lyons, hearing such doctrines broached as were high treason against the triple crown, ferreted Waldo and his sectaries out of Lyons and the country thereabouts. But persecution is the bellows of their gospel, to

blow every spark into a flame. This their division proved their multiplication. Some fled into the Alps, living there on so steep hills, and in so deep holes, that their enemies were afraid to climb or dive after them. Here they had the constant company of the snow: and as it, by the height of the hills, was protected from the sunbeams, so they from the scorching of persecution, even to Luther's time. Others fled into Picardy, Flanders, England, Alsace, Bohemia, Bulgaria, Croatia, Hungaria, and whither not? The perfume of the pope's presence not keeping this supposed vermin out of Italy itself. Many of them were cruelly massacred; five and thirty burgesses of Mayence burned at Bingen in one fire, eighteen at Mayence, fourscore at Strasburg, at the instance of the bishop thereof. But martyrs' ashes are the best compost to manure the church; for others were won to their opinion by beholding their constancy and patience. Strange that any should fall in love with that profession, whose professors were so miserable!

But truth hath always a good face, though often but bad clothes.

From "WORTHIES OF ENGLAND." *

Alfred.—He left learning, where he found ignorance ; justice, where he found oppression ; peace, where he found distracton. . . . He loved religion more than superstition, favoured learned men more than lazy monks ; which, perchance, was the cause that his memory is not loaden with miracles, and he is not solemnly sainted with other Saxon kings who far less deserved it.

Sir Francis Bacon.—His abilities were a clear confutation of two vulgar errors (libels on learned men) : first, that judgement, wit, fancy, and memory, cannot eminently be in conjunction in the same person ; whereas our Knight was a rich cabinet, filled with all four, besides a golden key to open it, elocution.

* Left unfinished, but edited by his son and published in 1662, the year after the author's death.

It is a pleasant music to hear disarmed malice threaten, when it cannot strike.

John Baconthorpe, Dwarf.—One remarkable for his high spirit in his *low* body. Indeed his soul had but a small diocese to visit, and therefore might the better attend the effectual informing thereof.

A flower is the best-complexioned grass (as a pearl is the best-coloured clay); and daily it weareth God's livery, for "He clotheth the grass in the field." Solomon himself is out-braved therewith, as whose gallantry only was adopted, and theirs, innate, and in them. In the morning (when it groweth up) it is a lecture of Divine Providence. In the evening (when it is cut down withered) it is a lecture of human mortality.

One demolishing hammer can undo more in a day than ten edifying axes can advance in a month.

John Fletcher.—He had an excellent wit, which, the back friends to stage-plays will

say, was neither idle nor well employed ; for he and Francis Beaumont, esquire, like Castor and Pollux (most happy when in conjunction) raised the English to equal the Athenian and Roman theatre ; Beaumont bringing the ballast of judgement, Fletcher the sail of phantasy ; both compounding a poet to admiration.

The best and biggest [cheeses] in England are made at Cheddar, in this [Somersetshire] county. They may be called Corporation Cheeses, made by the joint dairies of the whole parish putting their milk together ; and each one, poor and rich, receive their share according to their proportion : so that some may think, that the unity and amity of those female neighbours, living so lovingly together, giveth the better runnet and relish to their handiwork.

Sir Wm. Doddington.—God, the skillful lapidary, polished him with sharp instruments, that he then did glister as a pearl here, who now shineth as a star in heaven.

William Ramsey.—He was a natural poet ; and therefore no wonder if faults be found in the feet of his verses ; for it is given to thorough-paced nags, that amble naturally, to trip much ; whilst artificial pacers go surest on foot.

Stephen Marshall.—He was of so supple a soul, that he brake not a joint, yea, sprained not a sinew, in all the alteration of times.

Worth is ever at home, and carrieth its own welcome along with it.

Warwick.—A most delicious place, so that a man in many miles' riding cannot meet so much variety, as there one furlong doth afford. A steep rock, full of caves in the bowels thereof, washed at the bottom with a crystal river, besides many clear springs on the side thereof, all overshadowed with a stately grove ; so that an ordinary fancy may here find to itself Helicon, Parnassus, and what not ? Many hermits, (and Guy, earl of Warwick, himself) being

sequestered from the world, retreated hither. Some will say it is too gaudy a place for that purpose, as having more of a paradise than wilderness therein, so that men's thoughts would rather be scattered than collected with such various objects. But, seeing hermits deny themselves the company of men, let them be allowed to converse with the rarities of nature; and such are the fittest texts for a solitary devotion to comment upon.

James Cranford.—He had, as I may say, a broad-chested soul, favourable to such who differed from him. His moderation increased with his age, charity with his moderation; and he had a kindness for all such who had any goodness in themselves. He had many choice books, and (not like to those who may lose themselves in their own libraries, being owners, not masters, of their books therein) had his books at such command as the captain has his soldiers, so that he could make them, at pleasure, go or come, and do what he desired.

John, Lord Harrington.—He did not count himself privileged from being good, by being great ; and his timely piety rising early, did not soon after go to bed . . . but continued watchful during his life.

Edmund Campian.—A man of excellent parts ; though he who rode post to tell him so, might come too late to bring him tidings thereof.

An excellent preacher, skillful to cut out doctrines in their true shape, naturally raised, to sew them up with strong stitches, substantially proved, and set them on with advantage on such backs who should wear them, effectually applied.

Epistles are the calmest communicating truth to posterity ; presenting history unto us in her night-clothes, with a true face of things, though not in so fine a dress as in other kinds of writing.

The oak in other kingdoms may be called

cowardly, as riving and splitting round about the passage of the bullet, fearing as it were the force thereof ; whilst our English, as heart of oak, indeed, though entered with bullet, remaineth firm about it

Robert Whittington.—Indeed, he might have been greater, if he would have been less ; pride prompting him to cope with his conquerors, whom he mistook for his match.

From "CHURCH HISTORY OF BRITAIN." *

He that hath an hand to take, and no tongue to return thanks, deserveth for the future to be lame and dumb.

All weather is fair to a willing mind, and opportunity to do good is the greatest preferment which a humble hearth doth desire.

He durst not entertain truth, a lawful king, for fear to displease custom, a cruel tyrant.

* 1655. In eleven "Books," or divisions.

Men's capacities come very soon to be of age to understand their own profit.

God's children are immortal while their Father hath anything for them to do on earth.

Plundered stone never make strong walls.

And here we will acquaint the reader, that being to cite the history of Wickliffe, I intend neither to deny, dissemble, defend, or excuse any of his faults. *We have this treasure* (saith the apostle) *in earthen vessels*; and he that shall endeavour to prove a pitcher of clay to be a pot of gold, will take great pains to small purpose. Yea, should I be over-officious to retain myself to plead for Wickliffe's faults, that glorious saint would sooner chide than thank me, unwilling that in favour of him truth should suffer prejudice. He was a man, and so subject to error, living in a dark age, more obnoxious to stumble, vexed with opposition, which

makes men reel into violence ; and therefore it is unreasonable that the constitution and temper of his positive opinions should be guessed by his polemical heat, when he was chafed in disputation. But besides all these, envy hath falsely fathered many foul aspersions upon him.

What anger soever boiled in his heart, none ran over in his mouth, pretending very fair in his behaviour ; but it is hard to halt before a cripple, and dissemble before King Richard.

So ill a steward is human corruption of outward happiness, oftener using it to the receiver's hurt than the giver's glory.

There is as much variety and vanity in monks' cowls as in courtiers' cloaks.

There be three degrees of gratitude, according to men's several abilities. The first is to requite—the second, to deserve—the third, to confess—a benefit received.

He is a happy man that can do the first, no honest man that would not do the second, a dishonest man who doeth not the third.

To reform all at once had been the ready way to reform nothing at all. New wine must be gently poured into old bottles, lest the strength of the liquour, advantaged with the violence of the infusion, break the vessel.

Such as go out when God openeth them a door to escape, do peaceably depart; but such who break out at the window, either stick in the passage, or bruise themselves by falling down on the outside.

Heaven is your mark, Christ your way thither, the word the way to Christ, God's Spirit the guide to both. When in this race impatience shall make you to tire, or ignorance to stray, or idleness or weakness to stumble, or wilfulness to fall; may repentance raise you, faith quicken you, patience strengthen you, till perseverance bring you both to the mark !

From "HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY
OF CAMBRIDGE." *

Where Mars keeps his term, there the
Muses may even make their vacation.

From "THE APPEAL OF INJURED INNO-
CENCE." †

No wonder if speeches be not rendered
according to the true intent of the speaker,
when prejudice is the interpreter thereof.

Thomas, Lord Coventry, when coming
from the chancery to sit down at dinner,
was wont to say, "Surely, to-day I have
dealt equally, for I have displeased both
sides." I hope that I have his happiness,
(for I am sure I have his unhappiness,) that,
having disoblged all parties, I have written
the very truth. Thus I can only privately
comfort myself in my own innocence, and
hope that, when my head is laid low, what

* The (twelfth) "Book" of his "Church History,"
but published separately.

† 1659. Reply to an attack on his "Church History."

seems too sweet, too bitter, too salt, too fresh, to the present divided age, will be adjudged well—tasted and seasoned to the palate of impartial posterity.

The spoke in the wheel which creaketh most, doth not bear the greatest burden in the cart.

Reforming of errors is a specious and glorious design, especially when proportionable means are used in order thereunto. But of late the word “reformation” is grown so threadbare, it hath no nap left it, thereunder to cover foul acts to attain a fair end.

“Indignation” is grief and anger boiled up to the height.

From AN INTRODUCTION.

He hath from his childhood conversed with books and bookmen; and always being where the frankincense of the temple was offered, there must be some perfume remaining about him.

From "A PISGAH SIGHT OF PALESTINE."

Fear makes good footmen.

To spare a step in the path of piety, is to spend many in the ready road to misery.

From "ABEL REDIVIVUS."

He did love, but did not dote on, life ; as he shall never grow rich by the bargain, who purchaseth it with the price of his soul.

Generally dreams are nothing but Fancy's descant on the former day's work ; and he that layeth too much pressure on such slender props may be laid in the dust.

It were a miracle if in so voluminous a work there were nothing to be justly re-proved ; so great a pomegranate not having any rotten kernel must only grow in Paradise.

From "A WOUNDED CONSCIENCE."

Casting thine eyes downwards on thyself, to behold the great distance betwixt what

thou deserveth and what thou desireth, is enough to make thee giddy, stagger, and reel into despair.

From "THE SPEECH OF FLOWERS."

Dull are those wits which cannot make some smile except they make others cry.

From "A COMMENT ON RUTH."

The sand of our life runneth as fast, though the hour glass be set in the sunshine of prosperity, as in the gloomy shade of affliction.

New favours cause a fresh remembrance of former courtesies. Wherefore, if men begin to be forgetful of those favours which formerly we have bestowed upon them, let us flourish and varnish over our old courtesies with fresh colours of new kindnesses ; so shall we recall our past favours to their memories.

Sum not up to Job in distress the number of his camels ; tell not his sheep, reckon not

his oxen ; read not unto him an inventory of those goods whereof he was before possessed.

From "JOSEPH'S PARTI-COLOURED
COAT." *

That church . . . is to be counted and commended for a good church, whose head is whole, heart healthful, all vital parts entire, though having a lame leg, a bleared eye, a withered hand, some bad and vicious members, belonging unto it.

The good man carrieth a Court of Chancery in his own bosom, to mitigate the rigour of common reports with equal and favourable interpretations. Because fame often creates something of nothing, always makes a great deal of a little.

He that never will drink less than he may, sometimes will drink more than he should.

* 1640. Comment on 1 Cor. xi: 18-30, with eight sermons.

Let us not only lop the boughs, but grub up even the roots, of our malice ; not only suspend the act, but depose the habit, of our hatred I could wish no occasion that the English by-word be any more used, " I forgive him, but I will not forget him." Such people, I dare say, neither forgive nor forget ; like sluts, they sweep the house of their heart, but leave all the dust still behind the door.

The best wedge to drive out an old love is to take in a new.

From " GOOD THOUGHTS IN BAD
TIMES." *

Before I commit a sin it seems to me so shallow, that I may wade through it dry-shod from any guiltiness ; but when I have committed it, it often seems so deep that I cannot escape without drowning.

Today is the golden opportunity, tomor-

* 1645. Prayers and meditations for the encouragement of the royalist soldiers.

row will be the silver season, next day but the brazen one, and so long, till at last I shall come to the toes of clay and be turned to dust.

I perceive there is in the world a good nature, falsely so called, as being nothing else but a facile and flexible disposition, wax for every impression. What others are so bold to beg, they are so bashful as not to deny. Such osiers can never make beams to bear stress in church and state. If this be good nature, let me always be a clown; if this be good fellowship, let me always be a churl. Give me to set a sturdy porter before my soul who may not equally open to every comer. I cannot conceive how he can be a friend to any who is a friend to all, and the worst foe to himself.

From "GOOD THOUGHTS IN WORSE
TIMES."*

Ejaculations do not take up any room in the soul. They give liberty of callings, so

* 1647. Like the foregoing.

that at the same instant one may follow his proper vocation. The husbandman may dart forth an ejaculation and not make a balk the more. The seaman nevertheless steers his ship right, in the darkest night. Yea, the soldier at the same time may shoot out his prayer to God, and aim his pistol at his enemy, the one better hitting the mark for the other. The field wherein the bees feed is no whit the barer for their biting ; when they have taken their full repast on flowers or grass the ox may feed, the sheep fat, on their reversions. The reason is because those little chemists distil only the refined part of the flower, leaving the grosser substance thereof ; so ejaculations bind not men to any bodily observance, only busy the spiritual half, which maketh them consistent with the prosecution of any other employment.

From " MIXT CONTEMPLATIONS IN
BETTER TIMES." *

It is hard to say which of these two things

* 1658.

have done most mischief in England ; public persons having private souls and narrow hearts, consulting their own ease and advantage, or private persons having vast designs to invade public employments.

Divine providence is remarkable in ordering, that a fog and a tempest never did nor can meet together in nature How sad, then, is the condition of many sectaries in our age, which in the same instant have a fog of ignorance in their judgement, and a tempest of violence in their affections, being too blind to go right, and yet too active to stand still.

There are in our age a generation of people who are the best of prophets, and worst of historians They are all for things to come, but have gotten (through a great cold of ignorance) such a crick in their neck, they cannot look backward on what was behind them.

JOSEPH HALL.

“Not unhappy at controversies, more happy at comments, very good in his Characters, better in his Sermons, best of all in his Meditations.”

—THOMAS FULLER.

JOSEPH HALL.

From "MEDITATIONS AND VOWS." *

[SATAN] would seem to be mannerly and reasonable ; making as if he would be content with one half of the heart, whereas God challengeth all or none : as, indeed, he hath most reason to claim all, that made all. But this is nothing but a crafty fetch of Satan, for he knows that, if he have any part, God will have none ; so the whole falleth to his share alone.

If I die, the world shall miss me but a little ; I shall miss it less. Not it me, because it hath such store of better men : nor I it, because it hath so much ill and I have so much happiness.

I never loved those Salamanders, that are

* 1640.

never well but when they are in the fire of contention. I will rather suffer a thousand wrongs than offer one : I will suffer a hundred, rather than return one : I will suffer many, ere I will complain of one and endeavour to right it by contending. I have ever found, that, to strive with my superior is furious ; with my equal, doubtful ; with my inferior, sordid and base ; with any, full of unquietness.

I will hate popularity and ostentation ; as ever dangerous, but most of all in God's business : which whoso affect, do as ill spokesmen ; who, when they are sent to woo for God, speak for themselves. I know how dangerous it is to have God my rival.

Injuries hurt not more in the receiving, than in the remembrance. A small injury shall go as it comes : a great injury may dine or sup with me : but none at all shall lodge with me. Why should I vex myself because another hath vexed me ?

It is good dealing with that over which

we have the most power. If my estate will not be framed to my mind, I will labour to frame my mind to my estate.

A man need not to care for more knowledge than to know himself; he needs no more pleasure than to content himself; no more victory, than to overcome himself; no more riches, than to enjoy himself.

He is a good wagoner that can turn in a narrow room. To live well in abundance, is the praise of the estate, not of the person.

There is no want for which a man may not find a remedy in himself. Do I want riches? He that desires but little cannot want much. Do I want friends? If I love God enough, and myself but enough, it matters not. Do I want health? If I want it but a little and recover, I shall esteem it the more because I wanted: if I be long sick and unrecoverably, I shall be the fitter and willinger to die. . . . Do I want maintenance? A little and coarse will content nature: let my mind be no more ambitious

than my back and belly ; I can hardly complain of too little. Do I want sleep ? I am going whither there is no use of sleep, where all rest and sleep not. Do I want children ? Many that have them wish they wanted. . . . Do I want learning ? He hath none, that saith he hath enough : the next way to get more is to find thou wantest. There is remedy for all wants in ourselves ; saving only for want of grace : and that, a man cannot so much as see and complain that he wants, but from above.

He that is envied, may think himself well ; for he that envies him, thinks him more than well. I know no vice in another, whereof a man may make so good and comfortable use to himself. There would be no shadow, if there were no light.

He is wealthy enough, that wanteth not ; he is great enough, that is his own master ; he is happy enough that lives to die well.

Sorrows, because they are lingering guests, I will entertain but moderately ; knowing,

that the more they are made of the longer they will continue: and, for pleasures, because they stay not and do but call to drink at my door, I will use them as passengers, with slight respect.

Everything that we see reads us new lectures of wisdom and piety. It is a shame for a man to be ignorant or godless under so many tutors.

Surely, it is always an ease, and sometimes a happiness, to have nothing. No man is so worthy of envy as he that can be cheerful in want.

Every fool knows what is wont to be done; but what is best to be done is known only to the wise.

What a poor thing were man if he were not beholden to other creatures! The earth affords him flax for his linen; bread for his belly; the beasts, his ordinary clothes; the silk-worm, his bravery; the back and

bowels of the earth, his metals and fuel ; the fishes, fowls, beasts, his nourishment. His wit indeed works upon all these to improve them to his own advantage : but they must yield him materials else he subsist not. And yet we fools are proud of ourselves ; yea, proud of the cast suits of the very basest creatures. There is not one of them that have so much need of us. They would enjoy themselves, the more, if man were not.

On the sight of a great library.—What a world of wit is here packed up together ! I know not whether this sight doth more dismay or comfort me. It dismays me to think that here is so much that I cannot know ; it comforts me, to think that this variety yields so good helps to know what I should. There is no truer word than that of Solomon : *There is no end of making many books.* This sight verifies it. There is no end : indeed, it were pity there should. God hath given to man a busy soul ; the agitation whereof cannot but through time and ex-

perience work out many hidden truths ; to suppress these, would be no other than injurious to mankind whose minds, like unto so many candles, should be kindled by each other. The thoughts of our deliberation are most accurate. These we vent into our papers. What a happiness is it, that, without all offence of necromancy, I may here call up any of the ancient worthies of learning, whether human or divine, and confer with them of all my doubts ; that I can at pleasure summon whole synods of reverend fathers and acute doctors from all the coasts of the earth to give their well-studied judgements in all points of question which I propose ! Neither can I cast my eye casually upon any of these silent masters but I must learn somewhat.

Good Lord, how witty men are to kill one another ! What fine devices they have found out to murder afar off : to slay many at once ! And what honour do we place in slaughter ! Those arms wherein we pride ourselves are such as which we or

our ancestors have purchased with blood : the monuments of our glory are the spoils of a subdued and slain enemy. Where, contrarily, all the titles of God sound of mercy and gracious respects to man. God the Father is the Maker and Preserver of men : God the Son is the Saviour of mankind : God the Holy Ghost styles himself the Comforter. Alas, whose image do we bear in this disposition but his, whose true title is, *The Destroyer* ? It is easy to take away the life : it is not easy to give it. Give me the man that can devise how to save troops of men from killing : his name shall have room in my calendar. There is more true honour in a civic garland for the preserving of one subject, than in a laurel for the victory of many enemies.

Methinks there is no earthly thing that yields so perfect a pleasure to any sense as the odour of the first rose doth to the scent.

Recreation is intended to the mind as whetting is to the scythe ; to sharpen the

edge of it which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, that spends his whole time in recreation, is ever whetting, never mowing : his grass may grow and his steed starve. As, contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates, is ever mowing, never whetting ; labouring much to little purpose ; as good no scythe, as no edge.

God's great works go not by likelihoods. How easily can he fetch glory out of obscurity, who brought all out of nothing.

From "HOLY OBSERVATIONS." *

These things be comely and pleasant to see, and worthy of honour from the beholders ; a young saint ; an old martyr ; a religious soldier ; an conscionable statesman ; a great man courteous ; a learned man humble ; a silent woman ; a child understanding the eye of his parent ; a merry companion, without vanity ; a friend not changed

* 1609.

with honour ; a sick man cheerful ; a soul departing with comfort and assurance.

The better that thing is wherein we place our comfort, the happier we live, and the more we love good things the better they are to us.

God loveth adverbs, and cares not how good, but how well.

The lives of most are mis-spent only for want of a certain end of their actions : wherein they do as unwise archers shoot away their arrows they know not at what mark : they live only out of the present not directing themselves and their proceedings to one universal scope, whence they alter upon all change of occasions and never reach any perfection ; As cunning politicians have many plots to compass one and the same design by a determined succession ; so the wise Christian, failing in the means, yet still fetcheth about to his steady end with a constant change of endeavours.

That which is the common fault of age, loquacity, is a plain evidence of the world's declinedness: for was there ever age guilty of so much tongue and pen as this last? were ever the presses so cloyed with frivolous work? every man thinks what he lists and speaks what he thinks and writes what he speaks and prints what he writes.

From "SOLILOQUIES."

We are all commonly impatient of leisure and apt to overhasten the fruition of those good things we affect. One would have wealth, but he would not be too long in getting of it; he would have golden showers rain down into his lap on the sudden: another would be wise and learned, yet he cannot abide to stay for grey hairs or to spend too much oil in his tedious lucubrations. One would be free, but he would not wear out an apprenticeship; another would be honourable, but he would neither serve long nor hazard much. One would be holy, but he would not wait too long at the door-posts of God's house nor lose too many hours in the

exercise of his stinted devotions: another would be happy, but he would leap into heaven suddenly, not abiding to think of a leisurely towering up thither by a thousand degrees of ascent in the slow proficiency of grace.

The distressed mariner, in the peril of a tempest, vows to his Saint a taper as big as the mast of his ship; which upon his coming to shore is shrunk into a rush candle.

From "AN APOLOGY AGAINST
BROWNISTS."*

I never yet could see any scribbler so unlearned, as that he durst not charge his opposite with ignorance.

From "SERMONS."

There are two shops that get away all the custom from Truth; the shop of Vanity, the shop of Error: the one sells knacks and gewgaws, the other, false wares, and adul-

* 1610.

terate. Both of their commodities are so gilded, and gaudy, and glittering that all fools throng thither and complain to want elbow-room and strive who shall be first served.

He hath set up a golden goal to which he allows you all to run ; but ye must keep the beaten road of honesty, justice, charity, and truth : if ye will leave this path and will be crossing over a shorter cut through bye-ways of your own ye may be rich with a vengeance. If ye have filled your bags with fraud, usury, extortion ; this gain may be honey in your mouth, but it will be gravel in your throat, and poison in your soul.

From "THE PEACE-MAKER." *

There is as much difference in the value of truths as there is of coins, whereof one piece is but a farthing, another no less than a pound ; yet both are current and in their kind useful.

* 1645.

May we have the grace, but to follow the truth in love, we shall in these several tracks overtake her happily in the end and find her embracing peace and crowning us with blessedness.

Whosoever desires to have his bosom a meet harbour for peace must be sure to quit it of this blustering inmate of pride ; which, wherever it lurks, will be raising storms and tempests of contention. The pew-fellow to pride is self-love, and no less enemy to peace. . . . This it is that turns every man's goose into a swan and causes the hermit to set more value upon his cat than Gregory upon the world. This it is that requires fair glosses to be set upon our own actions.

Shortly, peace can never dwell but under the roof of a meek and humble heart.

There is nothing that may not be taken with either hand : it is a spiritual unmannerliness to take it with the left.

From "LETTERS."

The sea brooked me not, nor I it; an unquiet element, made only for wonder and use, not for pleasure. Alighted once from that wooden conveyance and uneven way, I bethought myself how fondly our life is committed to an unsteady and reeling piece of wood, fickle winds, restless waters; while we may set foot on steadfast and constant earth.

Little difference is betwixt good deferred and evil done.

This advantage a scholar hath above others, that he cannot be idle; and that he can work without instruments: for the mind inured to contemplation will set itself on work when other occasions fail; and hath no more power not to study than the eye which is open hath not to see something: in which business it carries about his own library; neither can complain to want of books while it enjoyeth itself.

Every day is a little life and our whole life is but a day repeated. . . . Those, therefore, that dare lose a day, are dangerously prodigal ; those that dare mis-spend it, desperate.

The evening is come : no tradesman doth more carefully take in his wares, clear his shop-board, and shut his windows, than I would shut up my thoughts, and clear my mind. That student shall live miserably which, like a camel, lies down under his burthen.

From "THE REMEDY OF DISCONTENT." *

There is a divine art of contentation to be attained in the school of Christ : which whosoever hath learnt hath taken a degree in heaven and now knows how to be happy both in want and abundance.

Earthly greatness is a nice thing and requires so much chariness in the managing as the contentment of it cannot requite. He

* 1645.

is worthy of honey, that desires to lick it off from thorns. For my part I am of the mind of him who professed not to care for those favours that compelled him to lie waking.

The fuller treads upon that cloth, which he means to whiten, and he that would see the stars by day must not climb up into some high mountain, but must descend to the lower cells on the earth. Shortly, whosoever would raise up a firm building of contentation must be sure to lay the foundation in humility.

From "CHARACTERS OF VIRTUES AND
VICES." *

He is a happy man that hath learned to read himself more than all books and hath so taken out this lesson that he can never forget it: that knows the world and cares not for it: that after many traverses of thoughts is grown to know what he may

* 1608.

trust to and stands now equally armed for all events : that hath got the mastery at home so as he can cross his will without a mutiny, and so please it that he makes it not a wanton : that in earthly things wishes no more than nature, in spiritual, is ever graciously ambitious : that, for his condition, stands on his own feet, not needing to lean upon the great, and can so frame his thoughts to his estate, that when he hath least he cannot want, because he is as free from desire as superfluity : that hath seasonably broken the headstrong restiness of prosperity and can now manage it at pleasure ; upon whom all smaller crosses light as hailstones upon a roof, and for the greater calamities, he can take them as tributes of life and tokens of love ; and if his ship be tossed, yet he is sure his anchor is fast. If all the world were his he could be no other than he is ; no whit gladder of himself, no whit higher in his carriage ; because he knows contentment lies not in the things he hath, but in the mind that values them.

A hypocrite is the worst kind of player by so much as he acts the better part.

[*The Busy-body's*] estate is too narrow for his mind; and therefore he is fain to make himself room in others' affairs.

[*The Malcontent*] is neither well full nor fasting; and though he abound with complaints yet nothing dislikes him but the present; for, what he condemned while it was, once past he magnifies and strives to recall it out of the jaws of time. What he hath he seeth not; his eyes are so taken up with what he wants: and what he sees he cares not for; because he cares so much for that which is not.

[*The Envious*] feeds on others' evils; and hath no disease, but his neighbors' welfares.

Presumption is nothing but Hope out of his wits; a high house upon weak pillars.

The Valiant Man undertakes with-

out rashness and performs without fear. He seeks not for dangers, but when they find him he bears them over with courage, with success. He hath oftentimes looked death in the face and passed by it with a smile, and when he sees he must yield, doth at once welcome and condemn it. He forecasts the worst of all events and encounters them before they come in a secret and mental war, and if the suddenness of an unexpected evil have surprised his thoughts, and infected his cheeks with paleness he hath no sooner digested it in his conceit, than he gathers up himself and insults over mischief. He is the master of himself and subdues his passions to reason; and by this inward victory works his own peace. He is afraid of nothing but the displeasure of the Highest; and runs away from nothing but sin. He looks not on his hands, but his cause; not how strong he is, but how innocent: and where goodness is his warrant he may be over-mastered, he cannot be foiled. He talks little and brags less and loves rather the silent language of the hand;

to be seen, than heard. He lies ever close within himself, armed with wise resolution, and will not be discovered but by death or danger. He is neither prodigal of blood, to mis-spend it idly ; nor niggardly, to grudge it when either God calls for it, or his country : neither is he more liberal of his own life than of others. His power is limited by his will ; and he holds it the noblest revenge that he might hurt and doth not. He commands without tyranny and imperiousness ; obeys without servility : and changes not his mind with his estate. The height of his spirits overlooks all casualties : and his boldness proceeds neither from ignorance nor senselessness : but first, he values evils, and then despises them. He is so balanced with wisdom that he floats steadily in the midst of all tempests. Deliberate in his purposes, firm in resolution, bold in enterprising, unwearied in achieving : and, howsoever, happy in success : and if ever he be overcome, his heart yields last.

From "SCRIPTURE HISTORY." *

The same cause which drove man from paradise has since withdrawn paradise from the world. That fiery sword did not defend it against those waters wherewith the sins of men drowned the glory of the world.

In alms we may neither sell nor return nor cast away. We sell, if we part with them for importunity, for vain glory, for retribution ; we return them, if we give with respect to former offices ; this is to pay, not to bestow : we cast away, if in our beneficence we neither regard order nor discretion. . . . The alms is twice given that is given quickly.

Those that defer their gifts till their death-bed, do as to say, Lord, I will give thee something, when I can keep it no longer. Happy is that man who is his own executor.

* 1612-15. Originally entitled "Contemplations on the Historical Passages in the Holy Story."

The incense doth ever smell of the hand that offers it.

He is unworthy to be well served that will not sometimes wait upon his followers.

If there be any dregs in the bottom of the glass, when the water is shaken they will be soon seen.

If the world afford any perfect felicity, it is in a middle estate, equally distant from penury and from excess,—it is in a calm freedom, a secure tranquillity, a thankful enjoyment of ourselves and all that is ours.

The malice of strangers is simple, but of a brother is mixed with envy. The more unnatural any quality is, the more extreme it is; a cold wind from the south is intolerable.

Truth and justice are no protection against malice. Envy is blind to all objects, save other men's happiness.

There is never so much danger of the false-hearted as when they make the fairest weather.

That we have good thoughts it is no thank to us ; that we answer them not, it is both our sin and judgement.

Honest minds are more careful of what they have by loan than by propriety [property-right, ownership]. In lending there is a trust, which a good heart cannot disappoint without vexation.

There is no man so wise, but he may make use of good counsel ; there is no man so forward, but he may abide incitation.

A well chosen season is the greatest advantage of any action, which as it is seldom found in haste, so is too often lost in delay.

Temptations on the right side are most dangerous. How many that have been

hardened with fear have melted with honour !

The misconceits of the points of honour have cost millions of souls. So many a one doth good only to be seen of men, so many a one doth evil only to satisfy the humour and opinion of others.

Even the best heart may easily be mis-carried with a well-meant zeal but there is nothing so ill as the corruption of the best. . . . Fire is a necessary and beneficial element ; but if it be once misplaced, and have caught upon the beams of our houses, or stacks of corn, nothing can be more direful.

Ye great men, spend not all your time in building castles in the air, or houses on the sand ; but set your hands and purses to the building of the porches of Bethesda [hospitals]. It is a shame for a rich Christian to be like a Christmas-box, that receives all, and nothing can be got out of it till it be broken in pieces.

Those that would rather hazard the furnace than worship gold in a statue, yet do adore it in the stamp and find no fault with themselves.

Worldly minds rise without difficulty, but cannot descend from their elevation with patience or safety.

JOHN SELDEN.

“ You that have been
Ever at home, yet have all countries seen,
And, like a compass, keeping one foot still
Upon your centre, do your circle fill
Of general knowledge ; watched men ; manners too ;
Heard, what past times have said ; seen, what ours do ;
Which Grace shall I make love to first ? your skill ?
Or faith in things ? Or is't your wealth and will
T'inform, and teach ? Or your unwearied pain
Of gathering ? Bounty in pouring out again ?
.

To mark the excellent seasonings of your style,
And masculine elocution ; not one while
With horror rough, then rioting with wit ;
But, to the subject, still the colours fit ;
In sharpness of all search, wisdom of choice ;
Newness of sense, antiquity of voice.”

—BEN JONSON.

JOHN SELDEN.

From "TABLE-TALK." *

To keep up Friendship, there must be little addresses and applications; whereas bluntness spoils it quickly.

In answering a book, 'tis best to be short; otherwise he that I write against will suspect I intend to weary him, not to satisfy him. Besides, in being long I shall give my adversary a huge advantage; somewhere or other he will pick a hole.

Ceremony keeps up all things; 'Tis like a penny-glass to a rich spirit, or some excellent water; without it the water were spilt, the spirit lost.

'Tis not the curses that come from the poor, nor from any body, that hurt me, be-

* 1663. Recorded by Rev. Richard Milward, for many years Selden's amanuensis.

cause they come from them, but because I do something ill against them that deserves God should curse me for it. On the other side, 'tis not a man's blessing me that makes me blessed ; he only declares me to be so : and if I do well I shall be blessed, whether any bless me or not.

The Turks tell their people of a heaven where there is sensible pleasure ; but of a hell where they shall suffer they don't know what. The Christians quite invert this order ; they tell us of a hell where we shall feel sensible pain, but of a heaven where we shall enjoy we can't tell what.

He that hath a scrupulous conscience, is like a horse that is not well wayed, he starts at every bird that flies out of the hedge.

Some men make it a case of conscience, whether a man may have a pigeon-house, because his pigeons eat other folks' corn. But there is no such thing as conscience in the business ; the matter is, whether he be a

man of such quality, that the state allows him to have a dove-house ; if so, there's an end of the business. His pigeons have a right to eat where they please themselves.

They talk, (but blasphemously enough), that the Holy Ghost is president of their General Councils, when the truth is, the odd man is still the Holy Ghost.

If the physician sees you eat anything that is not good for your body, to keep you from it, he cries 'tis poison ; if the divine sees you do anything that is hurtful for your soul, to keep you from it, he cries you are damned.

To preach long, and loud, and damnation, is the way to be cried up. We love a man that damns us, and we run after him again to save us.

'Tis much the doctrine of the times, that men should not please themselves, but deny themselves everything they take delight in ;

not to look upon beauty, wear no good clothes, eat no good meat, etc., which seems the greatest accusation that can be made upon the Maker of all good things. If they be not to be used why did God make them ?

Equity in law, is the same as the spirit is in religion, what every one pleases to make it. Sometimes they go according to conscience, sometimes according to law, sometimes according to the rules of court.

Equity is a roguish thing : for law we have a measure, know what to trust to ; equity is according to the conscience of him that is chancellor, and as that is larger or narrower, so is equity. 'Tis all one as if they should make the standard for the measure, we call a foot, a chancellor's foot ; what an uncertain measure would this be ! One chancellor has a long foot, another a short foot, a third an indifferent foot. 'Tis the same thing in the chancellor's conscience.

He that speaks ill of another, commonly before he is aware, makes himself such a

one as he speaks against ; for if he had civility or breeding he would forbear such kind of language.

A gallant man is above ill words.

'Twas an unhappy division that has been made between faith and works. Though in my intellect I may divide them, just as in the candle I know there is both light and heat ; but yet put out the candle, and they are both gone : one remains not without the other. So 'tis betwixt faith and works.

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes ; they were easiest for his feet.

The hall was the place where the great lord used to eat, (wherefore else were the halls made so big ?) where he saw all his servants and tenants about him. He ate not in private, except in time of sickness. When once he became a thing cooped up, all his greatness was spoiled. Nay, the king him-

self used to eat in the hall, and his lords sat with him, and then he understood men.

If a man hath too mean an opinion of himself, 'twill render him unserviceable both to God and man.

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practice, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy and the clergy for the laity.

Pride may be allowed to this or that degree, else a man cannot keep up his dignity. In gluttony there must be eating, in drunkenness there must be drinking; 'tis not the eating, nor 'tis not the drinking that is to be blamed, but the excess. So in pride.

'Tis not juggling that is to be blamed, but much juggling; for the world cannot be governed without it. All your rhetoric, and all your elenchs [sophisms] in logic come within the compass of juggling.

No man is wiser for his learning : it may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon ; but wit and wisdom are born with a man.

Though some make slight of libels, yet you may see by them how the wind sits ; as take a straw and throw it up into the air, you shall see by that which way the wind is, which you shall not do by casting up a stone. More solid things do not show the complexion of the times so well, as ballads and libels.

Great lords, by reason of their flatterers, are the first that know their own virtues, and the last that know their own vices. Some of them are ashamed upwards because their ancestors were too great. Others are ashamed downwards, because they were too little.

The lords that are ancient we honour, because we know not whence they come ; but the new ones we slight because we know their beginning.

Of all actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people, yet of all actions of our life 'tis most meddled with by other people.

We measure from ourselves; and as things are for our use and purpose, so we approve them. Bring a pear to the table that is rotten, we cry it down, 'tis naught; but bring a medlar that is rotten, and 'tis a fine thing: and yet I'll warrant you the pear thinks as well of itself as the medlar does.

When men ask me whether they may take an oath in their own sense, 'tis to me as if they should ask whether they may go to such a place upon their own legs; I would fain know how they can go otherwise.

'Twas a good fancy of an old Platonic: the gods which are above men, had something whereof man did partake, an intellect, knowledge, and the gods kept on their course quietly. The beasts, which are below man, had something whereof man did par-

take, sense and growth, and the beasts lived quietly in their way. But man had something in him whereof neither gods nor beasts did partake, which gave him all the trouble, and made all the confusion in the world ; and that is opinion.

This is the juggling trick of the parity [peerage], they would have nobody above them, but they do not tell you they would have nobody under them.

There never was a merry world since the fairies left dancing, and the parson left conjuring. The opinion of the latter kept thieves in awe, and did as much good in a country as a justice of peace.

Patience is the chiefest fruit of study. A man that strives to make himself a different thing from other men by much reading, gains this chiefest good, that in all fortunes, he hath something to entertain and comfort himself withal.

Pleasure is nothing else but the intermission of pain, the enjoying of something I am in great trouble for till I have it.

They that govern most make least noise. You see when they row in a barge they that do the drudgery-work slash, and puff, and sweat ; but he that governs, sits quietly at the stern, and scarce is seen to stir.

In a troubled state we must do as in foul weather upon the Thames, not think to cut directly through, so the boat may be quickly full of water, but rise and fall as the waves do, give as much as conveniently we can.

There are some mathematicians, that could with one fetch of their pen make an exact circle, and with the next touch, point out the center ; is it therefore reasonable to banish all use of the compasses ? Set forms are a pair of compasses.

Prayer should be short, without giving God Almighty reasons why he should grant

this or that ; he knows best what is good for us. If your boy should ask you a suit of clothes, and give you reasons,—“ Otherwise he cannot wait upon you, he cannot go abroad but he will discredit you,”—would you endure it ? You know it better than he ; let him ask a suit of clothes.

'Tis hoped we may be cured of our extemporary prayers, the same way the grocer's boy is cured of his eating plums, when we have had our belly full of them.

First in your sermons use your logic, and than your rhetoric. Rhetoric without logic is like a tree with leaves and blossoms, but no root ; yet I confess more are taken with rhetoric than logic, because they are caught with a free expression, when they understand not reason. Logic must be natural, or it is worth nothing at all ; your rhetoric figures may be learned. That rhetoric is best which is most seasonable and most catching. An instance we have in that blunt commander at Cadiz, who showed himself a

good orator ; being to say something to his soldiers, which he was not used to do, he made them a speech to this purpose : “ *What a shame it will be, you Englishmen, that feed upon good beef and brewess, to let those rascally Spaniards beat you, that eat nothing but oranges and lemons ;* ” and so put more courage into his men than he could have done with a more learned oration. Rhetoric is very good, or stark naught : There’s no *medium* in rhetoric. If I am not fully persuaded, I laugh at the orator.

They that talk nothing but Predestination, and will not proceed in the way of Heaven till they be satisfied in that point, do, as a man that would not come to London, unless at his first step he might set his foot upon the top of Paul’s.

Men that are in hopes and in the way of rising, keep in the channel ; but they that have none, seek new ways.

When a doubt is propounded, you must learn to distinguish, and show wherein a thing holds, and wherein it doth not hold. Ay, or no, never answered any question. The not distinguishing where things should be distinguished, and the not confounding, where things should be confounded, is the cause of all the mistakes in the world.

Religion amongst men appears to me like the learning they got at school. Some men forget all they learned, others spend upon the stock, and some improve it. So some men forget all the religion that was taught them when they were young, others spend upon that stock, and some improve it.

Religion is like fashion: one man wears his doublet slashed, another laced, another plain; but every man has a doublet. So every man has his religion. We differ about trimming.

There must be some laymen in the Synod, to overlook the clergy, lest they spoil

the civil work : just as [when the good woman puts a cat into the milk-house to kill a mouse, she sends her maid to look after the cat, lest the cat should eat up the cream.

'Tis not seasonable to call a man, traitor, that has an army at his heels. One with an army is a gallant man.

The way to find out the truth is by others' mistakings ; for if I was to go to such a place, and one had gone before me on the right-hand, and he was out ; another had gone on the left-hand, and he was out ; this would direct me to keep the middle way, that peradventure would bring me to the place I desired to go.

In troubled water you can scarce see your face, or see it very little, till the water be quiet and stand still. So in troubled times you can see little truth : when times are quiet and settled, then truth appears.

A wise man should never resolve upon

anything, at least never let the world know his resolution, for if he cannot arrive at that, he is ashamed. . . .

Never tell your resolution beforehand: but when the cast is thrown, play it as well as you can to win the game you are at. 'Tis but folly to study how to play size-ace, when you know not whether you shall throw it or no.

Wit and wisdom differ; wit is upon the sudden turn, wisdom is in bringing about ends.

Nature must be the ground-work of wit and art; otherwise whatever is done will prove but jack-pudding's work.

Wit must grow like fingers. If it be taken from others, 'tis like plums stuck upon black thorns; there they are for a while, but they come to nothing.

Honesty sometimes keeps a man from growing rich, and civility from being witty.

From "TITLES OF HONOUR."

The truly generous soul well knows and freely uses its own strength, not only in prudently gaining and judging of what itself selects and loves best within the vast circle of knowledge, but in justly valuing also what another chooses there. It is said that all isles and continents (which are indeed but greater isles) are so seated, that there is none, but that, from some shore of it, another may be discovered. Some take this as an invitation of nature to the peopling of one soil from another. Others note it, as if the public right of mutual commerce were designed by it. Certainly the severed parts of good arts and learning, have that kind of site. And, as all are to be diligently sought to be possessed by mankind, so every one hath so much relation to some other, that it hath not only use often of the aid of what is next it, but, through that, also of what is out of ken to it.

GEORGE HERBERT.

“And it was this GEORGE HERBERT who was called the Holy, and who spent his mature years amid country people, encouraging poor women to confide to him their troubles and their hopes. . . . But, indeed, we may safely decide that there was no change nor crisis in Herbert's life ; that his poetry and his life together flow on in one unbroken stream : that the young scholar, the courtier, the parish priest, were one and the same.”—JOHN HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

GEORGE HERBERT.

From "THE COUNTRY PARSON." *

THE Parson's yea is yea, and nay, nay :
and his apparel plain, but reverend, and
clean, without spots, or dust, or smell. The
purity of his mind breaking out, and dilating
itself even to his body, clothes and habita-
tion.

They say it is an ill mason that refuseth
any stone : and there is no knowledge,
but, in a skilful hand, serves either positively
as it is, or else to illustrate some other know-
ledge.

As one country doth not bear all things,
that there may be a commerce ; so neither
hath God opened or will open, all to one,
that there may be a traffic in knowledge, be-

* 1652. 'And, that Mr. Herbert might the better pre-
serve those holy rules, he did set them down as the
world now sees them in a little book called "The
Country Parson." '—WALTON.

tween the servants of God, for the planting both of love and humility.

Every one hath not digested, when it is a sin to take something for money lent, or when not ; when it is a fault to discover another's fault, or when not ; when the affections of the soul in desiring and procuring increase of means, or honour, be a sin of covetousness or ambition, and when not ; and so in many circumstances of actions. Now if a shepherd know not which grass will bane, or which not, how is he fit to be a shepherd ?

When he preacheth he procures attention by all possible art : both by earnestness of speech—it being natural to men to think, that where is much earnestness, there is somewhat worth hearing—and by a diligent and busy cast of his eyes on his auditors, with letting them know that he marks who observes and who not ; and with particularizing of his speech now to the younger sort, then to the elder, now to the poor, and now to

the rich—"This is for you, and this is for you;"—for particulars ever touch and awake more than generals.

The Parson's method in handling of a text consists of two parts: first, a plain and evident declaration of the meaning of the text; and secondly, some choice observations, drawn out of the whole text, as it lies entire and unbroken in the Scripture itself. This he thinks natural, and sweet, and grave. Whereas the other way, of crumbling a text into small parts (as, the person speaking, or spoken to, the subject, and object, and the like), hath neither in it sweetness, nor gravity, nor variety; since the words apart are not Scripture but a dictionary, and may be considered alike in all the Scripture.

As he is just in all things, so is he to his wife also; counting nothing so much his own as that he may be unjust unto it. Therefore he gives her respect both afore her servants, and others, and half at least of

the government of the house, reserving so much of the affairs, as serve for a diversion for him, yet never so giving over the reins, but that he sometimes looks how things go, demanding an account, but not by the way of an account. And this must be done the oftener, or the seldomer, according as he is satisfied of his wife's discretion.

None are so well served as by religious servants, both because they do best, and because what they do is blessed and prospers.

If the contempt be not punishable by law, or, being so, the Parson think it in his discretion either unfit, or bootless to contend: then, when any despises him, he takes it either in an humble way, saying nothing at all; or else in a slighting way, shewing that reproaches touch him no more, than a stone thrown against heaven, where he is, and lives; or in a sad way, grieved at his own, and others' sins, which continually break God's laws, and dishonour him with

those mouths, which he continually fills, and feeds ; or else in a doctrinal way ; saying to the contemner, Alas, why do you thus ? You hurt yourself, not me ; he that throws a stone at another, hits himself. These are the five shields wherewith the godly receive the darts of the wicked : leaving anger, and retorting, and revenge to the children of the world, whom another's ill mastereth, and leadeth captive without any resistance, even in resistance, to the same destruction. For while they resist the person that reviles, they resist not the evil which takes hold of them, and is far the worst enemy.

And because idleness is two fold, the one in having no calling, the other in walking carelessly in our calling, he first represents to every body the necessity of a vocation. The reason of this assertion is taken from the nature of man, wherein God hath placed two great instruments, reason in the soul, and a hand in the body as engagements of working ; so that even in paradise man had a calling, and how much more out of

paradise, when the evils which he is now subject unto, may be prevented or diverted by reasonable employment. Besides, every gift or ability is a talent to be accounted for, and to be improved to our master's advantage. Yet is it also a debt to our country to have a calling; and it concerns the commonwealth, that none should be idle, but all busied.

Riches are the blessing of God, and the great instrument of doing admirable good; therefore all are to procure them honestly and seasonably when they are not better employed.

If we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged; and if we would bound ourselves, we should not be bounded.

To put men to discourse of that wherein they are most eminent, is the most gainful way of conversation.

The Country Parson is generally sad be-

cause he knows nothing but the cross of Christ, his mind being defixed on it with those nails wherewith his Master was : or if he have any leisure to look off from thence, he meets continually, with two most sad spectacles, sin, and misery ; God dishonoured every day ; and man afflicted. Nevertheless, he sometimes refresheth himself, as knowing that nature will not bear everlasting droopings, and that pleasantness of disposition is a great key to do good ; not only because all men shun the company of perpetual severity, but also for that when they are in company, instructions seasoned with pleasantness, both enter sooner and root deeper. Wherefore he condescends to human frailties both in himself and others ; and intermingles some mirth in his discourses occasionally, according to the pulse of the hearer.

He that will be respected, must respect.

The Country Parson is a lover of old customs, if they be good and harmless ; and the rather because country people are much ad-

dicted to them, so that to favour them therein is to win their hearts, and to oppose them therein is to deject them. If there be any ill in the custom, that may be severed from the good, he pares the apple, and gives them the clean to feed on. Particularly he loves procession,* and maintains it, because there are contained therein four manifest advantages : first, a blessing of God for the fruits of the field : secondly, justice in the preservation of bounds : thirdly, charity in loving walking, and neighbourly accompanying one another, with reconciling of differences at that time, if there be any : fourthly, mercy in relieving the poor by a liberal distribution and largess, which at that time is, or ought to be, used.

From "LETTERS."

Have a good conceit of your wit ; that is, be proud, not with a foolish vaunting of

* An old English fashion of formally examining and renewing boundaries and land marks. It was observed in the early American colonies, and still survives in North Carolina and Tennessee.

yourself when there is no cause, but by setting a just price of your qualities: and it is the part of a poor spirit to undervalue himself and blush.

Since your favours come a-horseback, there is reason, that my desires should go a-foot.

I protest, I vow, I even study thrift, and yet I am scarce able with much ado to make one half year's allowance shake hands with the other.

I have always observed the thread of life to be like other threads or skeins of silk, full of snarles and encumbrances.

Take this rule, and it is an outlandish one, which I commend to you as being now a father: "The best bred child hath the best portion."

From "A PRIEST TO THE TEMPLE."

The Country Parson doth bear in mind in the morning the outlandish proverb that

“Prayer and provender never hinder journey.”

From

JACULA PRUDENTUM *

[*Arrows of the Wise*]

or,

OUTLANDISH PROVERBS.

Selected by Mr. G. H.

The scalded dog fears cold water.

Pleasing ware is half sold.

The devil is not always at one door.

Love and a cough cannot be hid.

Better the feet slip than the tongue.

Who would do ill ne'er wants occasion.

To fine folk a little ill finely wrapt.

* 1640.

Keep good men company and you shall
be of the number.

Love your neighbour, yet pull not down
your hedge.

The best remedy against an ill man, is
much ground between both.

God heals, and the physician hath the
thanks.

Hell is full of good meanings and wish-
ings.

Ill comes in by ells, and goes out by
inches.

The fault of the horse is put on the sad-
dle.

There are more men threatened than
stricken.

I had rather ride on an ass that carries
me than a horse that throws me.

He is a fool that thinks not as another thinks.

Be not idle, and you shall not be longing.

When you are an anvil hold you still;
when you are a hammer, strike your fill.

He that is not handsome at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wise at fifty, will never be handsome, strong, rich or wise.

Would you know what money is, go borrow some.

A hundred load of thought will not pay one of debts.

Take heed of the vinegar of sweet wine.

The master's eye fattens the horse, and his foot the ground.

Music helps not the toothache.

The coleric man never wants woe.

Before you make a friend eat a bushel of salt with him.

No sooner is a temple built to God, but the devil builds a chapel hard by.

Every one is weary, the poor in seeking, the rich in keeping, the good in learning.

In a hundred ells of contention, there is not an inch of love.

There needs a long time to know the world's pulse.

No churchyard is so handsome that a man would desire straight to be buried there.

Who will make a door of gold, must knock a nail every day.

Choose none for thy servant who have served thy betters.

There is no such conquering weapon as the necessity of conquering.

He that will do thee a good turn, either he will be gone or die.

God gives his wrath by weight, and without weight his mercy.

There is a remedy for everything, could men find it.

From "A TREATISE OF TEMPERANCE AND SOBRIETIE.*"

Temperance preserves even old men and sickly men sound ; but intemperance destroys most healthy and flourishing constitutions ; for contrary causes have contrary effects, and the faults of nature are often amended by art, as barren grounds are made fruitful by good husbandry.

I preserved me also, as much as I could,

* By Lord Cornarus. Translated by G. H.

from hatred and melancholy, and other perturbations of the mind, which have a great power over our constitutions. Yet could I not so avoid all these, but that now and then I fell into them, which gained me this experience, that I perceived that they had no great power to hurt those bodies which were kept in good order by a moderate diet.

Order makes arts easy, and armies victorious, and retains and confirms kingdoms, cities, and families in peace. Whence I conclude that an orderly life is the most sure way and ground of health and long days, and the true and only medicine of many diseases.

Wherefore, since an orderly life is so profitable, so virtuous, so decent, and so holy, it is worthy by all means to be embraced; especially since it is easy and most agreeable to the nature of man.

Many things more might be said in commendation hereof [of a temperate life]; but

lest in anything I forsake the temperance
which I have found so good, I here make
an end.

From "THE TEMPLE." *

The Church Porch.

For he, that needs five thousand pounds to
live,
Is full as poor; as he that needs but five.

The way to make thy son rich, is to fill
His mind with rest, before his trunk with
riches;
For wealth without contentment, climbs a
hill
To feel those tempests, which fly over
ditches.
But if thy son can make ten pound
his measure,
Then all thou addest may be called
his treasure.

* 1633.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself: See what thy soul doth
wear.

Dare to look in thy chest, for 'tis thine
own;

And tumble up and down what thou find'st
there.

Who cannot rest till he good fellows
find,

He breaks up house, turns out of doors
his mind.—

Be thrifty, but not covetous:—therefore
give

Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend, his
due.

Never was scraper brave man.

Pitch thy behaviour low; thy projects, high;
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous
be:

A grain of glory mix'd with humbleness
Cures both a fever and lethargicness.

Man is God's image; but a poor man is
Christ's stamp to boot;

Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stocking.

Judge not the preacher.

The worst speak something good : if all
want sense,

God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

The Agony.

Philosophers have measur'd mountains,
Fathom'd the depths of seas, of states, and
kings ;

Walked with a staff to heav'n, and traced
fountains :

But there are two vast, spacious things,
The which to measure it doth more behove :
Yet few there are that found them ; Sin and
Love.

Easter.

I got me flowers to strew Thy way ;
I got me boughs off many a tree :
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st Thy sweets along with thee.

The Sun arising in the East,
Though he give light, and th' East perfume ;

If they should offer to contest
With Thy arising, they presume.

Affliction.

I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree ;
For sure then I should grow
To fruit or shade : at least some bird would
trust
Her household to me, and I should be just.

Jordan.

Is it no verse, except enchanted groves
And sudden arbours shadow coarse-spun
lines ?
Must all be veiled, while he that reads, di-
vines,
Catching the sense at two removes ?

Content.

Give me the pliant mind, whose gentle meas-
ure
Complies and suits with all estates ;
Which can let loose to a crown, and yet
with pleasure
Take up within a cloister's gates.

The brags of life are but a nine days' wonder.

Sunday.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace arched lies:
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden : that is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

Employment.

Man is no star, but a quick coal
Of mortal fire :
Who blows it not, nor doth control
A faint desire,
Lets his own ashes choke his soul.

Life is a business, not good cheer.

But we are still too young or old ;
The man is gone,
Before we do our wares unfold.

Vanity.

The nimble diver with his side
Cuts through the working waves, that he
 may fetch
His dearly-earned pearl, which God did hide
 On purpose from the venturous wretch ;
That he might save his life, and also hers,
 Who with excessive pride
Her own destruction and his danger wears.

Man.

More servants wait on Man,
Than he'll take notice of : in ev'ry path
 He treads down that which doth befriend
 him,
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
Oh mightie love ! Man is one world, and
 hath
 Another to attend him.

Submission.

How know I, if Thou should'st me raise,
 That I should then raise Thee ?
Perhaps great places and Thy praise
 Do not so well agree.

Providence.

Of all the creatures both in sea and land,
Only to man Thou hast made known Thy
ways,
And put the pen alone into his hand,
And made him secretary of Thy praise.

How finely dost Thou times and seasons spin
And make the twist checker'd with night
and day !
Which as it lengthens winds, and winds us
in,
As bowls go on, but turning all the way.

Time.

Meeting with Time, Slack thing, said I,
The scythe is dull ; whet it for shame.
No marvel, Sir, he did reply,
If it at length deserve some blame :
But where one man would have me grind
it,
Twenty for one too sharp do find it.

Confession.

O what a cunning guest
Is this same grief ! within my heart I made

Closets ; and in them many a chest ;
And like a master in my trade,
In those chests, boxes ; in each box, a till :
Yet grief knows all, and enters when he will.

Love Unknown.

But when I thought to sleep out all these
faults
 (I sigh to speak) :
I found that some had stuffed the bed with
thoughts,
I would say *thorns*.

The Flower.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns, even as the flowers in
spring.
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure
bring.
Grief melts away.
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shriveled
heart
Could have recovered greenness? it was
gone
Quite under ground ; as flowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have
blown ;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house un-
known.

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write ;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing : O my only light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom Thy tempests fell all night.

Dotage.

False glozing pleasures, casks of happiness
Foolish night-fires, women's and children's
wishes,
Chases in Arras, gilded emptiness,

Shadows well mounted, dreams in a career,
Embroidered lies, nothing between two
dishes ;

These are the pleasures here.

The Forerunners.

Go birds of spring : let winter have his fee,
Let a bleak paleness chalk the door,
So all within be livelier than before.

Discipline.

Love is swift of foot ;
Love's a man of war,
And can shoot,
And can hit from far.

Death.

Death, thou was once an uncouth hideous
thing,
Nothing but bones,
The sad effect of sadder groans :
Thy mouth was open, but thou could'st not
sing. . . .

For we do now behold thee gay and glad.
As at dooms-day;
When souls shall wear their new
array,
And all thy bones with beauty shall be clad.

From "THE CHURCH MILITANT."

Thence he to Greece doth pass. . . .
Here Sin took heart, and for a garden-bed
Rich shrines and oracles he purchased :
He grew a gallant, and would needs fore-
tell
As well what should befall, as what befell.
Nay, he became a poet, and would serve
His pills of sublimate in that conserve.
The world came both with hands and pur-
ses full
To this great lottery, and all would pull.
But all was glorious cheating, brave deceit,
Where some poor truths were shuffled for a
bait
To credit him, and to discredit those
Who after him should braver truth disclose.

IZAAK WALTON.

“ He borrowed freely for the adornment of his discourse. . . . But these various seasonings did not disguise, they only enhanced, the delicate flavour of the dish which he served up to his readers. This was all of his own taking, and of a sweetness quite incomparable.”—HENRY VAN DYKE.

IZAACK WALTON.

From "LIFE OF WOTTON." *

He studied the dispositions of those dukes, and the other consulters of state ; well knowing, that he who negotiates a continued business, and neglects the study of dispositions, usually fails in his proposed ends.

From "LIFE OF SANDERSON." †

He could not but think the want of society would render this [life] of a country parson still more uncomfortable, by reason of that want of conversation ; and therefore he did put on some faint purposes to marry. For he had considered, that though marriage be cumbered with more worldly care than a single life ; yet a complying and prudent wife changes those very cares into so mutual

* Prefixed to "*Reliquæ Wottonianæ*," 1670. Sir Henry Wotton.

† 1678. Dr. Robert Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln.

joys, as makes them become like the sufferings of St. Paul, which he would not have wanted, because they occasioned his rejoicing in them.

I have heard of two men that in their discourse undertook to give a character of a third person; and one concluded he was a very honest man, *for he was beholden to him*; and the other that he was not, *for he was not beholden to him*.

From "LIFE OF HERBERT."*

HE was a man that had considered overgrown estates do often require more care and watchfulness to preserve than get them; and considered that there be many discontents that riches cure not; and did therefore set limits to himself as to desire of wealth: and having attained so much as to be able to shew some mercy to the poor, and preserve a competence for himself he dedicated the remaining part of his life to the service of God, and to be useful for his friends.

* Published in 1670, with Herbert's Letters.

The eternal Lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections and compliance ; indeed so happy that there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires. And though this begot and continued in them such a mutual love, and joy, and content, as was no way defective ; yet this mutual content, and love, and joy, did receive a daily augmentation by such daily obligingness to each other as still added such new affluences to the former fulness of these divine souls as was only improveable in heaven, where they now enjoy it.

She . . . having provided him [her son] a fit tutor . . . commended him to his care ; yet, she continued there with him, and still kept him in a moderate awe of herself ; and so much under her own eye, as to see and converse with him daily ; but she managed this power over him without any such rigid sourness, as might make her company a torment to her child ; but, with such a sweetness and

compliance with the recreations and pleasures of youth, as did incline him willingly to spend much of his time in the company of his dear and careful mother.

She endeared him to her own company ; and continued with him in Oxford four years : in which time, her great and harmless wit, her cheerful gravity, and her obliging behaviour, gained her an acquaintance and friendship with most of any eminent worth and learning, that were at that time in or near that university.

From "LIFE OF HOOKER." *

. . . . A friendship so sacred, that when it ended in this world, it began in that next, where it shall have no end.

Time, and peace, and plenty, begot self-ends ; and these begot animosities, envy, opposition, and unthankfulness for those very blessings for which they lately thirsted

* Prefixed to an edition of the works of Richard Hooker, 1666.

being then the very utmost of their desires, and even beyond their hopes.

In which number. . . . though some might be sincere, well meaning men, whose indiscreet zeal might be so like charity, as thereby to cover a multitude of their errors ; yet, of this party, there were many that were possessed with a high degree of "spiritual wickedness ;" I mean, with an innate restless pride and malice. I do not mean the visible carnal sins of gluttony and drunkenness, and the like, (from which good Lord deliver us,) but sins of a higher nature, because they are more unlike God, who is the God of love and mercy, and order, and peace ; and more like the Devil, who is not a glutton nor can be drunk, and yet is a devil ; but I mean those spiritual wickednesses of malice and revenge, and an opposition to government : men that joyed to be the authors of misery, which is properly his work, that is the enemy and disturber of mankind, and thereby greater sinners than the glutton or drunkard, though some will not believe it.

From "LIFE OF DONNE." *

He that wants skill to deceive may safely be trusted.

Love is a flattering mischief, that hath denied aged and wise men a foresight of those evils that too often prove to be the children of that blind father; a passion that carries us to commit errors with as much ease as whirlwinds move feathers, and begets in us an unwearied industry to the attainment of what we desire.

From "THE COMPLEAT ANGLER." †

Angling may be said to be so like the Mathematics that it can never be fully learned; at least not so fully but that there will be still more new experiments left for the trial of other men that succeed us.

* Prefixed to a volume of Dr. John Donne's Sermons, 1640.

† First published in 1653, after which additions were made by the author till at the fifth edition in 1676 the book had grown from thirteen to twenty-one chapters.

For the generality, three or four flies neat and rightly made, and not too big, serve for a Trout in most rivers all the summer. And for winter fly-fishing, it is as useful as an almanac out of date. And of these, because as no man is born an artist, so no man is born an Angler, I thought fit to give thee this notice.

When I have told the Reader, that in this fifth impression there are many enlargements, gathered both by my own observations and the communication with friends, I shall stay him no longer than to wish him a rainy evening to read the following discourse; and that, if he be an honest Angler, the east wind may never blow when he goes a-fishing.

For you are to note that we Anglers all love one another.

And for you that have heard many grave, serious men pity Anglers, let me tell you, Sir, there may be many men that are by others taken to be serious and grave men,

which we condemn and pity. Men that are taken to be grave, because nature hath made them of a sour complexion, money-getting men, men that spend all their time, first in getting, and next in anxious care to keep it, men that are condemned to be rich, and then always busy or discontented : for these poor-rich-men, we Anglers pity them perfectly, and stand in no need to borrow their thoughts to think ourselves so happy. No, no, Sir, we enjoy a contentedness above the reach of such dispositions, I hope I may take as great a liberty to blame any man, and laugh at him too, let him be never so grave, that hath not heard what Anglers can say in the justification of their art and recreation ; which I may again tell you is so full of pleasure, that we need not borrow their thoughts to think ourselves happy.

Doubt not therefore, Sir, but that Angling is an art, and an art worth your learning : the question is rather, whether you be capable of learning it ? for Angling is somewhat like Poetry, men are to be born so ; I mean with

inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice : but he that hopes to be a good Angler must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself : but having once got and practised it, then doubt not but Angling will prove to be so pleasant, that it will prove to be like virtue, a reward to itself.

The very sitting by the river side is not only the quietest and fittest place for contemplation, but will invite an Angler to it ; and this seems to be maintained by the learned Peter Du Moulin, who, in his discourse of the Fulfilling of Prophecies, observes that when God intended to reveal any future events or high notions to his prophets, he then carried them either to the deserts or the sea-shore, that having so separated them from amidst the press of people and business, and the cares of the world, he might settle their mind in a quiet repose, and there make them fit for revelation.

Indeed, my friend, you will find Angling to be like the virtue of humility, which has a calmness of spirit, and a world of other blessings attending upon it.

Good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue.

I am sorry the other is a gentleman, for less religion will not save their souls than a beggar's : I think more will be required at the last great day.

[She] had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do.

PISCATOR. Well sung ! Coridon, this song was sung with mettle ; and it was choicely fitted to the occasion ; I shall love you for it as long as I know you. I would you were a Brother of the Angle, for a companion that is cheerful, and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse, is worth gold.

I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning; nor men, that cannot well bear it, to repent the money they spend when they be warmed with drink. And take this for a rule. You may pick out such times and such companies, that you may make yourselves merrier for a little than a great deal of money; for "'Tis the company and not the charge that makes the feast;" and such a companion you prove: I thank you for it.

I confess, no direction can be given to make a man of dull capacity able to make a fly well; and yet I know this, with a little practice, will help an ingenious Angler in a good degree; but to see a fly made by an artist in that kind is the best teaching to make it.

For the practical part, it is that that makes an Angler: it is diligence, and observation, and practice, and an ambition to be the best in the art, that must do it.

This dish of meat is too good for any but Anglers or very honest men.

There are too many foolish meddlers in physic and divinity, that think themselves fit to meddle with hidden secrets.

And it may be fit to remember that Moses appointed fish to be the chief diet for the best commonwealth that ever yet was.

But I will content myself with two memorable men, that lived near to our own time, whom I also take to have been ornaments to the art of Angling.

The first is Doctor Nowel, sometime dean of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul in London, where his monument stands yet undefaced: a man that in the Reformation of Queen Elizabeth, not that of Henry VIII., was so noted for his meek spirit, deep learning, prudence, and piety, that the then Parliament and Convocation both chose, enjoined, and trusted him to be the man to

make a Catechism for the public use, such a one as should stand as a rule for faith and manners to their posterity. And the good old man, though he was very learned, yet knowing that God leads us not to heaven by many nor by hard questions, like an honest Angler, made that good, plain, unperplexed Catechism which is printed with our good old Service-Book. I say, this good man was a dear lover and constant practiser of Angling as any age can produce; and his custom was to spend, besides his fixed hours of prayer, those hours which by command of the Church were enjoined the clergy, and voluntarily dedicated to devotion by many primitive Christians,—I say, besides those hours, this good man was observed to spend a tenth part of his time in Angling; and at his return to his house would praise God he had spent that day free from worldly trouble; both harmlessly, and in a recreation that became a churchman. And this good man was well content, if not desirous, that posterity should know he was an Angler, as may appear by

his picture now to be seen and carefully kept in Brazen-nose College, in which picture he is drawn leaning on a desk with his Bible before him, and on one hand of him his lines, hooks, and other tackling, lying in a round ; and on his other hand are his Angle-rods of several sorts.

I now see that, with advice and practice, you will make an Angler in a short time. Have but a love to it, and I'll warrant you.

VENATOR. But I have no fortune : sure, Master, yours is a better rod and better tackling.

PISCATOR. Nay, then, take mine, and I will fish with yours. Look you, Scholar, I have another. Come, do as you did before. And now I have a bite at another. Oh me ! he has broke all ; there's half a line and a good hook lost.

VEN. Ay, and a good Trout too.

PISC. Nay, the Trout is not lost ; for pray take notice, no man can lose what he never had.

VEN. Master, I can neither catch with the first nor the second angle: I have no fortune.

PISC. Look you, Scholar, I have yet another. And, now, having caught three brace of Trouts, I will tell you a short tale as we walk towards our breakfast. A scholar, a preacher, I should say, that was to preach to procure the approbation of a parish, that he might be their lecturer, had got from his fellow-pupil the copy of a sermon that was first preached with great commendation by him that composed it; and though the borrower of it preached it word for word, as it was at first, yet it was utterly disliked as it was preached by the second to his congregation; which the sermon-borrower complained of to the lender of it, and was thus answered: "I lent you indeed my fiddle, but not my fiddlestick; for you are to know, that every one cannot make music with my words, which are fitted for my own mouth." And so, my Scholar, you are to know, that as the ill pronunciation or ill accenting of words in a sermon

spoils it, so the ill carriage of your line, or not fishing even to a foot in a right place, makes you lose your labor ; and you are to know, that though you have my fiddle, that is, my very rod and tacklings, with which you see I catch fish, yet you have not my fiddlestick ; that is you yet have not skill to know how to carry your hand and line, nor how to guide it to a right place ; and this must be taught you,—for you are to remember I told you Angling is an art,—either by practice, or a long observation, or both.

All the further use I shall make of this shall be to advise Anglers to be patient, and forbear swearing, lest they be heard and catch no fish.

Observations of the UMBER or GRAYLING. The Umber and Grayling are thought by some to differ, as the Herring and Pilcher do. But though they may in other nations, I think those in England differ nothing but in their names. . . . And

some think that he feeds on water-thyme, and smells of it at his first taking out of the water ; and they may think so with as good reason as we do that our Smelts smell like violets at their being first caught, which I think is a truth. Aldrovandus says, the Salmon, the Grayling, and Trout, and all fish that live in clear and sharp streams, are made by their mother Nature of such exact shape and pleasant colors, purposely to invite us to a joy and contentedness in feasting with her. . . . St. Ambrose, the glorious Bishop of Milan, who lived when the Church kept fasting-days, calls him the Flower-fish, or Flower of Fishes. . . . He lives in such rivers as the Trout does, and is usually taken with the same baits . . . though he bites not often at the minnow, and is very game-some at the fly, and much simpler, and therefore bolder than a Trout ; for he will rise twenty times at a fly, if you miss him, and yet rise again. . . . He is a fish that lurks close all winter, but is very pleasant and jolly after mid-April, and in May and in the hot months.

But, my Scholar, the Pearch is not only valiant to defend himself, but he is, as I said, a bold-biting fish, yet he will not bite at all seasons of the year ; he is very abstemious in winter, yet will bite then in the midst of the day, if it be warm : and note, that all fish bite best about the midst of a warm day in winter, and he hath been observed by some not usually to bite till the mulberry-tree buds ; that is to say, till extreme frosts be past the spring : for when the mulberry-tree blossoms, many gardeners observe their forward fruit to be past the danger of frosts ; and some have made the like observation of the Pearch's biting.

But, Master, first let me tell you that, that very hour which you were absent from me, I sat down under a willow-tree by the water-side, and considered what you had told me of the owner of that pleasant meadow in which you then left me ; that he had a plentiful estate, and not a heart to think so ; that he had at this time many law-suits depending, and that they both damped his

mirth, and took up so much of his time and thoughts, that he himself had not leisure to take the sweet content that I, who pretended no title to them, took in his fields : for I could there sit quietly ; and looking on the water see some fishes sport themselves in the silver streams, others leaping at flies of several shapes and colors : looking on the hills, I could behold them spotted with woods and groves : looking down the meadows, could see here a boy gathering lilies and lady-smocks and there a girl cropping culverkeys and cowslips, all to make garlands suitable to this present month of May. These and many other field-flowers, so perfumed the air, that I thought that very meadow like that field in Sicily, of which Diodorus speaks, where the perfumes arising from the place make all dogs that hunt in it to fall off, and to lose their hottest scent. I say, as I thus sat joying in my own happy condition, and pitying this poor-rich-man that owned this and many other pleasant groves and meadows about me, I did thankfully remember what my Saviour said, that

the meek possess the earth ; or rather, they enjoy what the other possess and enjoy not.

Every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us ; who, with the expense of a little money have eat and drank, and laughed and angled, and sung, and slept securely ; and rose next day, and cast away care and sung, and laughed, and angled again ; which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money.

Let us not repine or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches ; when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days, and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly.

It is well said by Caussin " He that loses,

his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping," therefore be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health ; and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience. As for money which may be said to be the third blessing, neglect it not : but note, that there is no necessity of being rich, for, I told you, there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them. . . . I have heard a grave divine say, that God has two dwellings : one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart.

VENATOR.—When I would beget content, and increase confidence in the power, and wisdom, and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other various little loving creatures, that are not only created, but fed, man knows not how, by the goodness of the God of nature, and therefore trust in him. This is my purpose ; and so, " Let everything that hath

breath praise the Lord :'' and let the blessing of St. Peter's Master be with mine. PISCATOR.—And upon all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in his providence, and be quiet, and go a-Angling.

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